

THE NEW CLOAK HOUSE!

Good Values

Bicycle Suits Covert Cloth Leggings to Match. **\$6.75**

(Shirt Waists, NEVEST Separate Skirts, Silk Waists.)

COME IN EARLY THIS WEEK.

Boyd & Jones, 39 East Washington

Surprise Special Sale No. 7



COLLARS 5 CENTS..

In very desirable styles—standing and turn-down—four-ply linen—the product of the very best makers.

CUFFS same high grade, 10c a Pair

31 a dozen; no more to any customer. During this week it's almost as cheap to buy standard make Collars and Cuffs as to have your own laundered. The sale ends Saturday night when our doors close.

Men's All-Wool Suits at \$5 on Sale All Season

See our other grades of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing. Also, a full line of Hats and Furnishings.

Bicyclists' All-Wool Suits, in Many Styles, \$6

THE GLOBE CLOTHING COMPANY,
5 W. COR. WASHINGTON & DELAWARE STS.

Eagle Bicycles

FURNISHED WITH ARE THE
Large Solid Swaged Tubing
Invaluable Sprockets
Large Hubs and Balls
Forty-Spoke Wheels
Aluminum Rims
G. & J. Tires

Be Sure to See Them Before Buying

Prices \$80 and \$100

Imperials \$85.00

Cornell \$65.00

Essex \$50.00

Cash or Easy Payments. Send for Catalogue.

B. KOEHRING & SON

Phone 852. 530 and 532 VIRGINIA AVENUE.

We handle Wright's Non-puncturable Strip.

PLUMBING SUPPLIES

Gas, Steam and Water Goods,
Hose, Hose Reels, Lawn Sprinklers, Etc.
WROUGHT IRON PIPE AND BOILER TUBES,
Wood and Iron Pumps.

The McElwaine-Richards Co.,
62 & 64 West Maryland St.

A BUSINESS NAPOLEON

GOSSIP ABOUT PHILIP D. ARMOUR AND HIS METHODS.

A Man Who Pays \$7,000,000 a Year in Wages—How He Treats His Employees and Manages His Affairs.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
CHICAGO, May 5.—The world is his field, and the United States is his workshop. His employes number thousands. His army of workmen is greater than that of Xenophon, and it is an army never in retreat. He pays out in wages alone half a million dollars every month. His business directly gives support to more than 50,000 people, and it amounts to \$200,000,000 every year. Four thousand railway cars are now speeding over their iron tracks loaded down with his merchandise. He has his establishments in every city of the United States, and his agents are at work for him in every part of the globe. The cable and telegraph wires which come into his office are daily loaded with private news for him as to the wants and supplies of the nations of the world, and by telegraph he sends forth the orders which are to make or lose millions. From the wheat fields of Russia to the grain-bearing plains of North India and from the markets of Australia and Europe come the reports of his men, and every morning he has, as it were, a map of the actual condition of the world before him, and he can tell from whence his products will be in demand, and where and why prices will rise or fall.

I refer to Philip D. Armour, the Napoleon of the Chicago capitalists, the baron of the butchers, and the king of the pork-packing and grain-shipping products of the United States. I have heard much of him during my stay here in Chicago, and I have heard interesting chat with him in his cage-like room, where he manages his immense business.

But first let me tell you something of the man. He is, you know, self-made. Born in New York State about sixty years ago, he started West to make his fortune. He was, I think, still in his teens when the gold fever caught him, and he worked his way across the plains and over the mountains to California. His journey was full of hardships, and he tells many interesting stories of his early life. He had worn out. The sage brush and the cañon cut into his feet, and he was almost wild to obtain some kind of conveyance to carry him onward. At last, upon nearing a town in the Rockies, he met a man riding a very fine mule. He stopped him and asked him if he would sell the animal. He was told that he did not care to sell, but if Armour really wanted it he could have it for \$200. This, however, was more than young Armour could spare, and a trade was finally made, by which Mr. Armour got the mule for \$100, which was just what he needed. In telling the story of this mule, Mr. Armour describes the delights of riding the mule and how light his heart was as he trotted onward. He rode gaily into the town and was passing through the main street when he was met by a man who in fierce tones asked him when he had gotten the mule. Mr. Armour told him. The man then said:

"Why, man, that mule belongs to Dennis Hanks. It has been stolen, and I advise you to give it up at once, and get out of town, or you will be in the hands of the vigilance committee."

The man succeeded in the roughly frightened Armour, who gave up the mule, and, sick at heart, hurried on his way. A day or two later he came to a miners' camp in the mountains, and there acent the night. He was asked how he had come, and he told of his adventures, including the swindle of the mule. As he did so the miners burst out laughing and one of them said:

"Why, man, I bought that d—n mule myself. It has been sold over and over again to fifty or one hundred men have been taken in by it. The man in the city is a confederate of the seller of the mule and they are making their living by taking in the tenderfeet."

It did not take long, however, for Phil Armour to get his eye teeth out. He finally got to California and there made the little money which formed the foundation of his fortune.

HIS FIRST BIG STRIKE.
Mr. Armour is a far-sighted man. He looks ahead and is not afraid to trust his own judgment. He is broadminded in his ideas. There is nothing of the pessimist about him. He is always a bull in the market and never a bear. His great fortune has been made largely through his faith in the United States and its prospects. His first big strike came in the form of a bold bet on the successful outcome of the war. He had seen a little pile in California and had gone into the packing business with old John Plankinton, of Milwaukee. One day he came into the office and said:

"Mr. Plankinton, I am going to New York. I have a war bet to make. Grant has practically beaten the rebels and we will have peace in a few weeks. I am going to New York to buy all the pork I can get."

Mr. Plankinton at first questioned the plan, but he finally consented and Armour went. He bought eight and left. The New Yorkers were despondent. They had lost faith in the Union and prices were away down. The news from the field, however, soon changed matters. It was really over, and as a result came as Armour had predicted. Prices went away up and out of that deal Mr. Armour cleared something like a million dollars. There are several other stories of a like nature which I have heard concerning Mr. Armour. He thinks quickly and acts on his own judgment.

mouth of the Chicago river, on which to build the elevators. He had advertisements posted over Chicago that any man who could handle a pick or drive a nail could find work by calling at P. D. Armour's stockyards. He put up an electric lighting system and worked three gangs of men eight hours at a stretch, putting so many men on the work that they covered it like ants. He went out every day and took a look at the work himself, and the result was he had his elevators built three days before the wheat began to come. This work had been done quietly, and few of the brokers knew of it. He took care of his three million bushels and made a big thing out of his sale.

That was the Armour. He is Napoleon in his strokes. He is one of the few men who can do more than one thing at a time. While he was talking with me messenger boys would bring him telegrams showing the condition of the stocks. He would answer them giving his orders to buy or sell. At such times it seemed to me that he was not listening to my questions and to what I was saying, but I soon discovered that he was carrying both our conversation and the markets in his mind at the same time. I have been told he has a great facility in doing things. Dr. Frank G. Carpenter, the head of the Armour Technical Institute, says he does not doubt that Mr. Armour could dictate letters on different subjects to three or four secretaries at the same time, holding the thought of each separately and carrying on the three or four threads of thought without confusion.

STROKES IN THE PANIC OF 1893.
Another instance of Mr. Armour's Napoleonic character was seen here in the panic of 1893. He was one of the few men prepared for the panic. He saw it coming months before it was a possibility in the minds of other great capitalists of the United States. He began to prepare for it in 1892. He had not been feeling well and he went to Europe for his health. While loading about Carlsbad he came into contact with scores of the moneyed men of Europe, and from the way they talked he learned that a storm was brewing. All at once he decided to come home. The day he landed at New York he telegraphed the leading managers of his different departments to come there to meet him. They came. They told him that business had never been better; that all of his enterprises were paying, and that they were making money hand over fist. Mr. Armour heard their reports, and then threw a thunderbolt into their midst by telling them that he wanted them to cut down the business to the closest margin. Said he:

"There is a storm brewing and we must be in. We must have money to prepare for it, and I want you to get all the cash you can and put it away in the vaults. I want you to go out in the street and stretch the name of P. D. Armour to its utmost tension. Borrow every dollar you can, and then let me know what you have done."

"Oh," said the men, "we don't need enough. Get all you can, and get it as quick as you can."

This was done, and they finally told him that they had secured \$5,000,000 in cash. In addition to this he also had in hand about \$4,000,000 in negotiable securities. With a capital of what was practically \$9,000,000, Mr. Armour then sat back in his chair and said to himself:

"Well, if the crash must come, I at any rate am ready for it."

It was not long after this that the crash did come. Money was not to be got for love, work or high rates of interest. Prices dropped to the bottom. Armour was practically the only man who was perfectly prepared for it. He turned his \$9,000,000 over and over, and realized a fortune. While the masses of less far-sighted business men were on the edge of bankruptcy.

HOW HE WORKS.
You would not think that a man who made such big strokes and who is so wealthy would be a hard worker. This, however, is the case. There is no man in Chicago who watches his business more closely and who puts in more hours than P. D. Armour. He has all his life been an early riser. He is at his office, winter and summer, at 7:30 o'clock every morning, and he remains there usually until 11. He goes to bed regularly at midnight every night, and he dresses well, but not extravagantly, and gets his chief pleasure, I judge, out of his work. He has great power of organization, and as we walked through his big offices he told me that the machine practically ran itself. He took me through the great stock room, in among the desks and the piles of papers, something like one hundred men were working away, keeping accounts, figuring up columns to find the percentage of profits and loss and answering the enormous correspondence which is connected with a great business like this.

At another time the pupils were introduced to the different architectures of England, and they became thoroughly familiar with the cathedrals and the great buildings of the country. At another time there was a celebration of Washington's birthday, and a great many pictures of the father of his country were shown. The school board bought about 125 slides from an Eastern firm, but most of the slides have been made by Mr. W. H. B. of the city school. The cost of giving the entertainment is between \$2.50 and \$3, which pays for the stereopticon, gas and operator. The schools own an old machine which has been used in several of the buildings. The stereopticon has been in requisition at the High School, School No. 8, on College avenue, and on the South Side.

The use of the stereopticon has become quite general in Boston, and a story is told of a teacher there who was giving a very interesting talk on George Washington's birthday. The pictures were being shown, and the teacher talked so long and so well, and the pupils were so interested, that the screen on which the pictures were shown was thrown. He had perfect faith in the operator of the machine, but it was misplaced, for in some way or other the slides became mixed, and when the teacher was in the midst of his story he saw the picture would be of the father of his country, and in bold relief on the white canvas was a grasshopper on an old man. Such mistakes have not yet occurred here.

"What kind of a paper?" asked Mr. Armour. "I want to garnish one of your men's wages for debt," said the policeman. "Indeed?" replied Mr. Armour, "and who is the man?" He thereupon asked the policeman into his private office and ordered that the clerk come in. He then asked the clerk how long he had been in debt. The man replied that for twenty years he had been behind and that he could not catch up.

"But you get a good salary," said Mr. Armour, "don't you?" "Yes," said the clerk, "but I can't get out of debt. My life is such that somehow or other I can't get out."

"But you must get out," said Mr. Armour, "or you must leave here. How much do you owe?" The clerk then gave the amount. It was less than \$1,000. Mr. Armour took his check book and wrote out a check for the amount. "There," said he, as he handed the clerk the check, "there is enough to pay all your debts. Now I want you to keep out of debt, and if I hear of your again getting into debt you will have to leave."

The man took the check. He did pay his debts and remodeled his life on a cash basis. About a year after the above incident happened he came to Mr. Armour and told him that he had had a place offered him at a higher salary and that he was going to leave. He thanked Mr. Armour and told him that his last year had been the happiest of his life, and that getting out of debt had made a new man of him.

I could give a number of similar stories concerning Mr. Armour which I have heard through his friends here at Chicago. The above incidents came from them, and not from Mr. Armour himself. During my visit to his office I had a chat with him covering a wide range of subjects. This I will publish in a future letter.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

STEREOPTION IN SCHOOLS.

It is Now Used Here to Illustrate Facts in All Studies.

There is a great deal of work going on in the public schools of which thousands who are taxpayers, and other thousands who have no children in the schools, are not aware. One of the most recent innovations in the only this year, in the stereopticon. With the stereopticon and the accompanying description given verbally, one may understand a country or a people better than by any other way except a personal visit. The introduction of the stereopticon was made by Prof. Goss and Miss Georgia Alexander, who influenced the school board to expend \$1,500 for the equipment. The stereopticon was purchased with several sets of slides, and the use of it in connection with the studies in which the children were engaged was begun in December.

The operation of the stereopticon was given into the hands of Hugh Bryan, assistant professor of chemistry in the High School. It was used in connection with geography and history. In the study of England there were all the great cathedrals shown before the assembled scholars. Then there was commercial England, Liverpool and London. At another time the National Museum of England was made a special subject for a conversation or explanation with accompanying pictures.

The illustrated lessons were given every Friday afternoon, at the last school hour, in the High School Hall. There the pupils who have been studying the subject in the morning came to see the pictures. The stereopticon was used in connection with the studies in which the children were engaged was begun in December.

At another time the pupils were introduced to the different architectures of England, and they became thoroughly familiar with the cathedrals and the great buildings of the country. At another time there was a celebration of Washington's birthday, and a great many pictures of the father of his country were shown.

The school board bought about 125 slides from an Eastern firm, but most of the slides have been made by Mr. W. H. B. of the city school. The cost of giving the entertainment is between \$2.50 and \$3, which pays for the stereopticon, gas and operator.

The use of the stereopticon has become quite general in Boston, and a story is told of a teacher there who was giving a very interesting talk on George Washington's birthday. The pictures were being shown, and the teacher talked so long and so well, and the pupils were so interested, that the screen on which the pictures were shown was thrown. He had perfect faith in the operator of the machine, but it was misplaced, for in some way or other the slides became mixed, and when the teacher was in the midst of his story he saw the picture would be of the father of his country, and in bold relief on the white canvas was a grasshopper on an old man. Such mistakes have not yet occurred here.

After the class at the High School had finished their "Snow Bound" the stereopticon was brought out for the final lesson, and thus it was used in the study of literature. Again, it has been used for history, and the Greek and Roman slides showed reproductions of the Forum and other famous places. One day not long ago, April 22, when Shakespeare's birthday was celebrated, Mrs. Hufford's class had an entertainment, and several dozen pictures of Shakespeare's haunts in Warwickshire were shown. All of the slides for this were made by Mr. Bas and were in possession of Mr. Hufford, and they were presented with a wonderful clearness and accuracy. Miss Alexander enjoyed using the stereopticon when she was principal of a high school, and she also gave a lecture, with the accompanying pictures, one evening at the Central-avenue Church in the subject of Michael Angelo. Miss Bellick, instructor of drawing, brought it into use with her classes when she talked one evening on "The Old Dutch Painters." Miss Collins, of No. 8, has used it to illustrate the study of the British National Museum, and Mrs. Heath has used it to show some of the famous points in and around Boston, the bridge, the statue of the minute man and other places.

The next use of the instrument will probably be for instruction in biology and zoology in the science work of the schools. Whatever the pupils have with the pictures they remember much better than before, which has proved the wisdom of adding the stereopticon to the possessions of the public schools.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS WILL EXPLORE THEIR OWN COUNTRY.

They Want the World to Know that America is Not Excelled in Mountain Scenery—Wonderful Lake.

For many years mountain climbing, as an out-door sport, has grown in favor in Europe, but, to the American mind, our own country was utterly devoid of the facilities for gratifying such an amusement. This feeling still exists among those who are unacquainted with the resources of the country, and wherever given expression to, is a sure indication of ignorance, coupled with a stupid desire to ape a certain brand of European aristocracy. It is related that Americans of this class are sometimes seen parading the streets of Paris rigged out in brand new Alpine suits, with ropes plastered all over them, and alpenstocks in their hands, feeling that the world is looking on in envy and destiny is prepared to receive them in loving embrace. To overcome this lack of information and to encourage a love of nature, as displayed in American mountains, there was organized, on the summit of Mount Hood, in Oregon, during the summer of 1894, a "mountain-climbers' club," known as Mazamas, that combines pleasure with scientific research. Membership is limited to those who have climbed to the summit of a snow-capped mountain, that the club will accept. Its object, in brief, is to compel the world to understand that America, and especially the Pacific coast, possesses some of the finest mountain scenery to be found anywhere. During 1895 an effort was made to send a message, by helicopter, from the summit of Mount Hood to the city of Portland. The attempt was seriously interfered with by a severe storm, which raged at the time. One of the club's plans is to organize an excursion into the mountains every summer, and to do everything possible to encourage people to attend sessions held at that time. On such occasions it aims to bring together the finest scientific minds of the country and to discuss questions relating especially to the mountains. This year the meeting will be held at Crater lake, on the summit of the Cascade range of mountains, in southern Oregon, from Aug. 15 to 22 inclusive. The lake is about ninety miles from the Southern Pacific railroad and is reached by good wagon roads. The Southern Pacific company has granted special rates to those who attend and the Mazamas have secured a rate of \$7.50 per passenger, by stage, from the railroad to the lake and return.

CRATER LAKE.

The world possesses no rival to Crater lake, in its solemn and impressive grandeur. It is located in the crater of what was once an enormous mountain, and has no visible inlet or outlet, yet the water is cold, clear, fresh and sweet. The surface of the water is 6,239 feet above sea level, and it is two thousand feet deep. On all sides rise nearly perpendicular walls, varying in height from a narrow notch 525 feet, to 1,395 feet, and probably averaging about one thousand feet. It is nearly circular in form, and is four or five miles in extent. In the western end is located Wizard island, a slender cone, 845 feet high, in the top of which is found what was probably the last smoking vent of a once mighty volcano. It is a small crater, about one hundred feet deep. During the summer of 1887 I had built in for the government, three boats, to be used in sounding the lake, and assisted in that work. The largest boat, the Cleopatra, was twenty-five feet long, and no better craft of its class was ever constructed. These boats were carried on the shoulders of the Indians, five miles south, then loaded on wagons, properly equipped for the purpose, and carried into the mountains, nearly a hundred miles, then launched over the cliffs into the water, one thousand feet below, without so much as scratching them.

There is probably no spot in America of which the Indians entertain so wholesome a dread as Crater lake. Under no circumstances will they visit it, feeling that in so doing they would be simply inviting sudden death. During the summer of 1887 I secured from the chief of the Klamath tribe the following tradition, which refers to the discovery of the lake and which explains the Indians' dread of it:

"A long time ago, before the white man appeared in this region to vex and drive the proud native out, a band of Klamath, while out hunting, came suddenly upon the lake, and were started by its remarkable walls and level by its majestic proportions. With spirits subdued and trembling with fear, they silently approached and gazed upon its face. Something within told them the Great Spirit dwelt there and they dared not remain, but passed silently down the side of the mountain and camped far away. By night some unavoidable influence, however, one brave was induced to return. He went up to the very brink of the precipice and started his camp fire. Here he laid down to rest; here he slept till morn, slept till the sun was high in air, then arose and joined his tribe far down the mountain. At night he came again, as he slept till morn. Each visit bore a charm that drew him back again. Each night found him sleeping above the rocks; each night strange voices arose from the waters; mysterious noises filled the air. At last, after a great many moons, he climbed down to the lake, and there bathed and spent the night. Often he climbed down in like manner, and frequently saw wonderful animals, similar in all respects to Klamath Indians, except that they seemed to exist entirely in the water. He suddenly became bolder and stronger, and more than any Indian of his tribe because of his many visits to the mysterious waters. Others then began to seek its influence. 'Old warriors sent their sons for strength and courage to meet the conflicts awaiting them. First they slept on the rocks above, then ventured to the water's edge, but, last of all, they plunged beneath the flood, and the coveted strength was theirs. On one occasion the brave who first visited the lake killed a monster, or fish, and was at once set upon by untold numbers of excited Indians (for such they were called), who carried him to the top of a cliff, cut his throat with a stone knife, then tore his body into small pieces, which were thrown down to the waters, far beneath, where he was devoured by the angry Indians, and such shall be the fate of every Klamath who here, one day, day to this, dares to look upon the lake."

PLANS FOR THE YEAR.

Great care has been exercised by the Mazamas in preparing for this year's outing. It is expected that the scientific branches of the government will be represented by experts in their various lines, and that some of the best scientists on the Pacific coast will be present to participate in the proceedings. One novel feature of the meeting will be a barbecue of wild game, which abounds in the vicinity. Interest would be increased in this feature if it could be held in the crater on Wizard island. Baked hams of pougou would go well with fresh mountain trout, stuffed grouse, bear meat and a slice of venison. There are two points of departure from the railroad, namely, Medford and Ashland. The road from Medford follows up the famous Rogue river valley, past Table Rock, Hole in the Ground, Flounce Rock, Rogue River Falls and White Horse Canyon.